UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Dictator Franco and Fascist Spain — How Long? - - - *R. Lester Mondale*

Philistinism — Our Worst Enemy - - - - - - - - *David M. Bloch*

Christianity and the Jews - *Hugh Weston*

Brotherhood Comes to the South - - - - - - - - *Delos O'Brian*

A Defense of Hypocrisy - *Edmund A. Opitz*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Abraham Lincoln Centre

On April 4, 1945, Representative Charles J. Jenkins and Representative Fred J. Smith, of Chicago, introduced into the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, House Resolution No. 46, commending the work of The Abraham Lincoln Centre. This resolution was adopted by the House on April 25, 1945. A copy of the engrossed resolution follows:

WHEREAS, The Abraham Lincoln Centre, in Chicago, celebrated its fortieth anniversary on February 12th; and

WHEREAS, the great contributions made by this center are outstanding in the field of social and civic work; and

WHEREAS, the activities of this center are participated in by 120,000 children and adults; and

WHEREAS, under the leadership of Dr. Curtis W. Reese, this great center has steadily progressed until it now has activities covering cultural arts, adult education, child guidance, social service, and similar activities; and

WHEREAS, the magnificent record achieved by the center through the efforts of its officers is fully deserving of all honor that it is possible for us to give to it; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, by the House of Representatives of the Sixty-Fourth General Assembly of the State of Illinois, that we do hereby recognize and give public approval to the great social work of this center, and do hereby congratulate The Abraham Lincoln Centre, its officers and employees on the attainment of the fortieth anniversary of this great center; and be it further

RESOLVED, that a suitably engrossed copy of this preamble and resolution be prepared and delivered to Dr. Curtis W. Reese.

On Leave for Relief Work in India

Harry Abrahamson, Manager of the Chemical Products Division of National Cooperatives, has been granted a two-year leave of absence during which he will serve as chief of mission for the American Friends Service Committee in India.

Selection of Mr. Abrahamson for the important Eastern post came as the result of his experience with cooperatives, his record of organizing and establishing a new service enterprise—which is now the Chemical Products Division of National Cooperatives, and his training and experi-

(*Continued on page* 61)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXXI JUNE, 1945 No. 4

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

It was a relief when V-E Day at last came, and a still greater relief when it came and went without undue displays of public depravity. I remember, with a disgust that is still alive within me, the orgy of insane celebration that swept this country when the first World War came to an end in 1918. People danced, the way Hitler danced after the fall of France in 1940, in a ghastly exhibition of vulgarity and hate. But this time, in spite of dreadful atrocity provocations duly exploited by the public authorities, the people on the whole kept their heads, were serious rather than joyful, solemn rather than ecstatic, and in mood to seek the churches rather than the streets and squares. It would seem as though, out of the soul-shaking experiences of this war, we had learned something of the wisdom of Lao-tse, the ancient Chinese sage. He declared as long ago as the seventh century B.C. that "even the finest arms are an instrument of evil, a spread of plague." Then he went on to say that the triumph of arms is never beautiful.

> "He who thinks triumph beautiful
> Is one with a will to kill,
> And one with a will to kill
> Shall never prevail upon the world."

As for the celebration of victory, said Lao-tse, let it be "as in the conduct of a funeral."

> "The death of a multitude is cause for mourning;
> Conduct your triumph as a funeral."

War, in other words, is tragedy—a tragedy at the end exactly as at the beginning. Perhaps more of a tragedy at the end, since the incalculable cost in blood and treasure has been paid, and men know what they have lost! Something of all this seemed to be in people's minds on that day when the news at last came that Germany had surrendered. I chanced to be in Boston, and was on the streets. There was scattering of torn bits of paper, some screaming from office windows, some half-hearted singing and parading. But nobody responded. Men were sober, quiet, going about their business, entering churches to medidate and pray. They were relieved that it was "over over there"—relieved as one is relieved when an invalid, long hopelessly and painfully ill, is at last visited by death. But such relief is felt with sadness for its pitiableness and horror, and spoken with tears in eyes and heart. No, there is nothing about war that is joyful any more, as there is nothing now that is glorious. As I stood in Boston on that day of victory, I listened to the tolling of the church bells. Nobody rang those bells backward! Their tolling was portentous, as of death come to humankind. And that was as it should be. Perhaps—who knows?—we are becoming civilized! Civilized enough, God grant, to establish peace, and thus end war forever.

II

Some questions are answering themselves these days. What to do with Germany, for example! Thanks to the Nazis, there is no Germany any more. As a political and industrial entity, this great country has disappeared as completely as any one of her cities under the bombardment of allied arms. Not what to do with Germany, but what to do with the Germans—that is the question. And the answer is easy. We must keep them alive. Many people, perhaps, would like to see them die. But that is not our American or Christian way. These millions of men and women, lost amid the ruins of their fatherland, must be fed, clothed, and housed. In the face of such necessity, all questions of reparations and what not become insignificant. We shall never reach these items on the order of business. So also with the question of the peace. The victors in this war are simply going to take over, that is all, and try to hold together the tottering structure of European society. The peace will fashion itself out of the sheer process of administering conquered and liberated countries, salvaging whatever may be salvaged from the wreckage, and reconstructing a fabric of ordered life. Instead of peace, as ordinarily understood, there will be just the bedrock struggle to keep alive. Thus are questions answering themselves in Europe! Only in the Far East is any choice left us any more. There we can decide whether we shall reduce Japan

and her dependencies to the same desperate extremity, or end the war, which is already won, on terms that will leave something more than mere devastation and death behind. It will mean a good deal of a burden to have millions of starving Japanese on our hands in addition to all the millions of Germans and other Europeans. To make a desert in Asia and call it peace will hardly help on very much the pacification of the world. Perhaps, while we still have discretion to answer questions *pro* and *con,* it might be well to consult wisdom as well as sentiments of revenge and hatred, to say nothing of charity which is so hard to remember when a war is on. Wisdom as well as charity would seem to dictate that, in our own interest, to say nothing of humanity, we should stop somewhere short of unconditional destruction, and thus leave an eastern world capable of surviving "on its own." What madness has been the policy pursued in Europe, and how bitterly and long we are going to pay for it! In Asia, there is still time to stay the course of madness before it creates utter havoc. God grant that we may not repeat, East as well as West, the dreadful tragedy of death!

III

Day and night we sup of horror. The horror of the Nazi regime, now revealed anew in all of its incredible details! The horror of the attack of the United Nations upon defenseless cities, unarmed civilians, men, women, and little children trapped in obliteration bombing! The horror of anarchy in its hideous violence and unbridled bloodshed! What is this experience doing to our human nature, think you? And what kind of a peaceful world do you think can be built out of such human nature? We may formulate plans of peace which are sound and good. We may organize international leagues and alliances which are theoretically perfect. But nothing will work unless (1) men are themselves peaceably-minded and prepared to do the works of peace, and (2) conditions of law and order are conducive to security, and conditions of economic life consistent with the general welfare. Do we find either one of these situations in the contemporary world? After five years of this war, human nature is as near the level of sheer barbarism as it has been since the Dark Ages. Hatred, revenge, cruelty, lust have been unleashed by horror within the breast. The "ape and tiger," long since encaged in what we have called culture and civilization, are loose again. Can peace be kept by hearts thus bestialized? As for society, as we used to call it, it has collapsed, or been blown to bits, in Europe. Governments no longer rule save by sheer force of arms. Mobs are loose to slay and burn and revel in orgies of disgust and shame. Famine stalks the world, and disease follows in its train. This is what war has done to us. This is what our appeal to the arbitrament of battle has brought us. And it is out of this that we would bring peace! O, yes—it is nice to have conferences and talk about peace. The fact that there are men and women in the world who want to do this, and governments that are willing to go through the motions of good will, is perhaps the last dim hope that is left to us these days. I would commend these conferences, and pray for them, if only to keep my own soul alive. But I should as soon expect a baby to swim in the open sea, as peace to prosper in this war-stricken and horror-ridden world. What we are in for is a long period of rule by the power of the sword. That sword, as wielded variously by Britain, America, and Russia, will be lifted as a rod of terror over subdued but rebellious populations. It will establish what will be called "peace." But it will not be peace! Thanks to this war and its attendant horrors and fears, peace never was quite so far away.

IV

The problem of the conscientious objector to war has caused many a headache and many a heartbreak in these last few years. The law, which was universally conceded to be a vast improvement over that in the last war, proved in operation to be far from perfect. The law itself was partly to blame, for it fell far short of meeting the situation justly. The administration of the law was very defective, and therefore responsible for much trouble. Also, to be frank, the conscientious objectors were in certain cases at fault, proving to be recalcitrant rather than cooperative, and fanatical rather than friendly. But it is late in the day to assess blame, least of all to nourish grudges. What is needed all around is sober and objective study of the problem, to the end of learning from experience and thus preparing for the next war, if a next war there must be. It is from this standpoint that we hail the recent annual report of Attorney-General Francis Biddle dealing with this question. Inasmuch as most people are not interested in conscientious objectors, Mr. Biddle's discussion of the issues involved has attracted little attention. All the more, for this reason, should pacifists and lovers of fair play generally make note of his observations and recommendations. The Attorney-General was apparently most impressed by the confusions and inequities of the administration of the law. He therefore urged that there be established a single board, or commission, to classify all objectors into appropriate categories, and assign them to "suitable and useful work." There should follow proper legislation in the interest of "greater service of objectors to society." And what could be better than overseas relief work, in Europe, China, India—the very work which is now expressly forbidden by law! The Attorney-General, of course, believes that the dependents of C. O.'s should be provided for, in the case of privately employed objectors on detached service, from the salaries earned. The final goal of reform, that of total exemption of conscientious objectors, is referred to by Mr. Biddle,

but not openly recommended. Public opinion in this country is obviously not yet ripe for the consideration of what has already been accomplished in England. What is impressive in all this is the fact that we are making progress in our handling of a problem which offers enormous difficulties even for an enlightened democracy. When the highest law officer of a government at war can write with the understanding and sympathy manifested by Francis Biddle, we are far advanced indeed. Conscientious objectors and pacifists generally should be the first to recognize this fact, and be unfailingly patient. The "intelligent treatment of conscience" is not now far away.

V

In a collection of classic sermons, recently published by the Oxford University Press, the Bishop of Durham writes as follows in his Introduction:

> Such sermons as these which have made the English pulpit famous . . . . are never likely to be heard again in the churches of England. The conditions which made them possible in the past have ceased in the present, and can hardly be recreated in the future. *The pulpit had its golden age when the laity generally were immersed in profound ignorance.*

Well, well! We want to know! Great preaching in the pulpit is prompted by "profound ignorance" in the pews. That is a pretty commentary on the preacher and his function in society. But is it true? How does it match with the sermons actually gathered in this Oxford anthology? Here is a sermon, for example, by James Martineau, a great scholar and majestic intellect, who preached all his life to small congregations, never more than two or three hundred, but of the highest mental quality. Another sermon is by Robert William Dale, Congregationalist, who preached for years to the intellectual elite of Birmingham. Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's Cathedral, preached for two decades to enormous gatherings of enlightened people. John Henry Newman's greatest preaching was done at St. Mary's, Oxford, from 1828 to 1843, to university hearers. John Caird's sermon in this collection, called by Dean Stanley the "greatest single sermon of the century," was preached before Queen Victoria at Balmoral. Robert South, like Newman, did his masterful preaching at Oxford. And so on! There have been great preachers whose congregations were undoubtedly ignorant. Thus, the Catholic masters of the spoken word in the Middle Ages addressed throngs of men and women who were illiterate. Wesley and Whitefield in their field preaching reached multitudes untouched by learning of any kind. The great revivalists preached prevailingly to folk "immersed in profound ignorance." But what about men like Channing, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, E. L. Chapin, Phillips Brooks, George A. Gordon? These were the great American preachers of the nineteenth century, and their congregations could have matched for general enlightment and culture any similar gatherings in the country. And we have great preaching today—Dr. Wise, Dr. Fosdick, Dr. Scherer, Bishop McConnell, Reinhold Neibuhr, Henry Sloane Coffin, and others. Are these prophets of our time addressing the ignorant? What is the matter with the Bishop of Durham? Why does he say such things?

VI

If it were not for the war, and the San Francisco Conference, and world events generally, the publication of the new Emily Dickinson volume, *Bolts of Melody,* would be a major sensation. Just think of it! Here is a poet who is frequently ranked first among the poets of America. Her primacy among women poets of modern times is undisputed. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Emily Bronte, Christina Rossetti, Alice Meynall, all yield place to her. And here suddenly a whole new volume of her writings, containing over six hundred poetic pieces never published before, is given to the world. It is as though a batch of hitherto unknown poems by Keats or Shelley were discovered, or a new play by Shakespeare. Of course in Emily Dickinson's case, the event is not so utterly surprising, for the publication of her works has been something of a mystery from the beginning. A most shy and secretive creature, Emily cherished her poems like a miser his gold. Scarcely more than a half-dozen pieces were issued during her lifetime, and these obscurely. It was only after her death that it was really known what she had done, though she had confided much to such friends as Samuel Bowles and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. A sister, Lavinia, passionately devoted to Emily's memory, took charge of the manuscripts, and they began slowly to appear under trusted editorship. One small volume appeared, then a second—then a third. After a long interval appeared *Further Poems* (1929)—and lastly *Unpublished Poems* (1935). These seemed to be the end, especially as much of the writing in the later volumes was distinctly inferior. But now comes this new volume, containing hundreds of poems hidden away for a half-century, and many of them among Emily Dickinson's best. What literary sensation could be greater than this? It is doubtful if the stature of this remarkable woman is raised to any considerable extent. These new poems are in character and content very similar to what has gone before, and serve to confirm rather than to heighten an already great reputation. Her earlier volumes gave her exalted rank. But as further evidence of the strange genius which Amherst bred in those nineteenth century days, this new volume is impressive. Also, it underlines the need now of a thorough study of the whole problem of Emily Dickinson and her work. Where did she get her inspiration, where did her writings begin and how did they develop, what is myth and mystery and fact in her career—these are questions not yet answered. A vast field of exploration awaits some ardent student. I hope to live long enough to see the "Collected Works of Emily Dickinson"!

Jottings

What is in a name? The numerologists say much; Shakespeare implies little. But to live up to a name is something. And the President's name, Truman (true man!) is a good goal.

It is an experience to sit in a New York movie theatre, and hear a news reel of Secretary Stettinius hissed by the audience, and one of Commissar Molotov loudly applauded. It is just as well to recognize the fact that there are Americans who pay their first allegiance to Soviet Russia, and only a secondary allegiance to the United States. In case of another war, this is a situation worth thinking about.

Facts Magazine is undertaking to raise $50,000 to rebuild the Mount Zion Baptist Church (Negro) of Tulsa, Oklahoma, destroyed in a race riot. The circumstances of this event are extraordinary—the paying by the congregation, for example, of a mortgage of $50,000 on a new church already burned to the ground! The editor of *Facts* suggests that this faithful congregation has earned help, and that such help from the general public would constitute a monument to racial good feeling. I agree! Send contributions to Mount Zion Church Fund, c/o *Facts Magazine,* 75 West Street, New York 6, N. Y.

It is announced that Franco has given to Spain "new guaranties of freedom of speech and freedom of religious belief." It is explained "that freedom of speech does not include the right to criticize the government and that freedom of religious belief does not permit religious ceremonies other than Roman Catholic." *Vive la Spain!*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Trumpets on New Horizons

The Green Blade

I cannot hold the pain
Of broken men,
I am going down to the earth
To lie on the earth
In the sun and rain.
I must go down to the earth,
Look to the sky,
The mountains, follow waters rushing
Down a continent.
I must watch a greening blade.

I cannot bear the pain
For sons of the earth. I must go back,
Tell her my sorrow
As creation moves
Above the blasts of war.

ALICE W. HOFFMAN.

The Silent Legions Speak

In Flanders Fields they stand in silent night
And listen while a lonely bugle sobs;
These legions march in moon-swept silver light
Upon our weeping earth's war-rhythmic throbs;
From towns and farms the white-faced mothers flow
In weary, time-stilled groups of deathless pain;
Above the columns, cloud high banners blow,
And for their weapons only endless rain.

The earth and sea give up their restless dead
To join this ancient, patient, youthful throng;
They have no voices for the words once said,
But wind-swept trees still give them plaintive song.
To men who waken, these Silent Legions speak,
And whisper that old gods of war grow weak.

MANFRED A. CARTER.

The Spirit of the Bomb

The spirit of the bomb once more
Is loose and stalks from shore to shore
Unleashing hate and tyranny,
Inciting men to cruelty,
Impelling them to wage a war.

Above the steeples warplanes soar
And over homes the cannons roar
For this, the demon's dark decree—
The spirit of the bomb.

After this war is won, explore
The ways for Peace to lead. Restore
The roads to human liberty,
Avert a worse catastrophe.
O may united men abhor
The spirit of the bomb!

HOPE R. NORBURN.

Slain Sons to War Fathers

You taught us hate and war: now here we lie
Sleeping, at length, while bombs rain from the sky.

You called us foes and taught us how to kill,
Our blood now flows as one on some strange hill.

Judas-like the gifts you gave our birth,
Not freedom nor the plenitude of earth;

But hands like bayonets, inflicting death,
And cheeks no son shall touch with infant breath.

Our hearts now stilled have found unending rest—
Fledglings with weary wings come home to nest;

Your hearts through all eternity shall roam
Until all men are kin, the world their home.

ETHEL GERTRUDE STOWE.

Dictator Franco and Fascist Spain—How Long?

R. LESTER MONDALE

The hour is crucial and it calls for someone to speak up and tell the truth about Spain in no uncertain terms. But because the subject is dynamite, because it impinges on the haloed reverence so many have for a haloed institution, and because it also impinges upon the mad hatred so many have for a hated political movement of which Russia is the symbol, few persons, high or low, whether in government positions, in institutions of learning, on the staffs of newspapers and magazines, or even in Protestant pulpits dare to do more than express opinions in whispers behind closed doors.

While those who know and who ought to be speaking out in strong language are remaining furtively silent, the propaganda and political build-up for Franco, and more particularly for the Spanish Fascism that will remain after the passing of Franco himself, progresses with seven-league boots. Here is the build-up: Franco's Fascist government went so far as to make certain protests to Japan and to order Spanish diplomatic officials to cease handling Japanese affairs. Franco's Fascist government is Fascist only in name and in appearance, we are told, but not in spirit and truth—it is merely a very Spanish benevolent dictatorship, indispensable at this juncture for maintaining law and order in disorganized Spain. Franco's benevolent Fascist government has recently extended amnesty to all refugees from the Spanish Civil War. Again Franco moved to prohibit all airline communications with Germany. Then came the report from the Spanish Fascist government that Franco was considering resigning. Now for a few more weeks of this kind of build-up—and continued silence from those who ought to be speaking up—and then watch the launching of the powerful pressures that will be applied by the remnants of Fascism the world over to compel the admission of Fascist Spain to the family of nations. The untoward consequences of such an accomplishment will become more apparent in a few minutes when we turn to the facts.

But first, let us walk right straight up to those bogies of reverence and of hate that so effectively freeze public persons with fear and paralyze their tongues. Those bogies had become so real and so fearful in free America, shortly before our entrance into the second World War, that if anyone dared to come out against Franco Fascism he was immediately smeared with one of two labels, or possibly both—he was either a Red or he was an anti-Catholic. He was, to be more specific, someone who approved of ruthless Red revolution or who approved of the killing of priests and nuns, of the burning of convents and of Catholic churches.

Let us now look these bogies of the propagandizers squarely in the face. In the perspective of the years since the spring of 1939 when Franco finally triumphed in Spain, we can now calmly and accurately appraise the contention of the Fascists that the war in Spain was primarily a struggle between good Catholics, sacrificing their lives for law and order, and bad Communists bent on murdering priests and burning churches. That there was a good deal of church burning, and murdering of the religious, there can be no question. That at least some of this was Communist-inspired is probable. But that the Republic was simply a Communist government and setup, and that the Franco government was composed merely of outraged Spanish Catholics is utter falsification. The truth, as you can now get it even in the writings of Catholic reporters on Spain (provided they are believers in parliamentary government), is that the struggle was primarily a war between two kinds of Catholics—Catholic Republicans, on the one hand, fighting with all the fanaticism depicted in Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls;* Catholic Fascists, on the other hand, also fighting with all the fanatical and cruel fury depicted by Hemingway.

The burning of the churches and the liquidation of the religious took place, for the most part, in the province of Catelonia and, in particular, in Barcelona where, as the pro-Fascist writer, Sencourt, admits: "The poorer quarters of the ancient part . . . were not fit for men to live in." Here where the Church had ruled supreme for ages, the teacher, and the dispenser of charity, the masses of the people, according to another Catholic reporter, Cedric Salter, were filled with a long-standing and murderous hatred of the institution. (This, by the way, is not the only time that Spanish masses have broken out and attacked Church institutions; it has happened time and again in Spain. It is an old story. And laying the blame for the hatred and the atrocities of the Barcelona populace on "Communist agitators," fools no one of intelligence.) It was from Barcelona that the first determined and heroic resistance to the Franco insurrection came; and from Barcelona came the Communist, or Trotskyite, leadership that whipped the vacillating Madrid government into action. But along with these forces were those of the Basques—as devout Catholics as there are in the world—and the Spanish peasantry, also as devout Catholics as there are in the world. And what is more, in less than a year—that is, early in the summer of 1937—the government in Madrid was taken away from the Communist-inspired group, and the new government, which was no more Red than was Ramsay McDonald's government in Britain, proceeded to destroy the Red (more accurately stated, the Syndicalist or Anarchist) terror in Barcelona, and to govern in the interests of and to fight for that mass of Catholics, progressive, liberal, and socialist, who believed in representative government to the extent that they were willing to die for it.

Much has been made of the so-called *Communist* International Brigade. Cedric Salter, a Catholic, tells with admiration how this polyglot but heroic group bore the brunt of fighting for the first two years, until the government had at last, in 1938, succeeded in organizing its own people's army. According to Salter, from 1938 on (in 1938 the Republican government sent the 15,000 remaining members of the Brigade back to their own countries) "only Spaniards fought for the Government cause while in the ranks of Franco's self-styled 'nationalists' were Moors, Germans, Italians, Portuguese, and even Irish to a combined total greater than the number of Spaniards in the actual fighting line. These men of the International Brigade saw more clearly than their own governments that the Republican cause, right or wrong, was their own; and if Franco won, their own countries must be the ultimate losers."

The civil war in Spain was primarily a war between

two kinds of Catholics; between Catholic Republicans on the one hand and, on the other, Catholic Fascists who, with the typical ruthlessness of the Italian Fascist or the German Nazi, insisted with murderous fanaticism that everyone who did not go along with them, Catholic or otherwise, had to be a Communist. That was the old Fascist formula, the formula of Mussolini who ostensibly saved Italy (and later on Abyssinia; and later on Albania, and a fragment of Greece, and a fragment of France) from the Reds; the formula of Hitler who saved Germany and came within a hairsbreadth of saving the whole of Europe and the world itself from the Reds. It was the formula that captured the backing of Pope Pius XI, who blessed Mussolini and Franco, and whose call for a world-wide crusade against Communism so nicely fitted into and sanctified the nefarious schemes of these most ruthless of adventurers. The present Pope significantly has been somewhat more cautious with the crusade against Communism and with his blessings of anti-Communist crusaders.

So today no one should have to apologize for one minute for taking a stand on Dictator Franco and Fascist Spain. And, what is more, it is high time that we were paying homage to the heroic members of the International Brigade, to those who came back to America to be hounded and persecuted and to be plastered with Fascist mud, as if they were criminals. If there is any apologizing to be done today it should come from the discredited Fascist who has the temerity to presume to smear anyone who comes out against Franco and for the restoration of parliamentary government in Spain.

Today, standing at the doors of the family of nations, is Spanish Fascism, humble, conciliatory, and in sheep's clothing. Naturally we find ourselves wondering: What is the nature of the creature that only so recently has put on this sheep's clothing? And where did he come from?

The now-discredited Fascist formula has it, of course, that this noble and Christian creature brought order out of murderous chaos in Spain, that since it is merely a kind of mild and benevolent dictatorship, and that since anything else would mean chaos again, we ought to be glad to give it the very real and concrete support that would come from admission to the prosperous ranks of the United Nations.

Let us go back to the chaos of the summer of 1936. Spain then was truly in chaos. It was in chaos despite the fact that a representative government was in power. Up to then practically all public education had been in the hands of the Church. But so completely hit and miss, so totally inadequate to the needs of the nation was this so-called public education, that the new government had sponsored the opening of thousands of public schools. Up to that time the Spanish Grandees had held some one-third of the land, and the lesser Grandees and the Church, another third — the best land in Spain, much of it lying fallow. And the least productive third was in the hands of the millions of the peasantry whose condition was not only on a level with, but also in sections actually lower than, the condition of the peasantry in China and India. Much of the wealth of the religious establishments which had never gone through the wringer — such wealth went through long years before in other European countries — remained to be drastically squeezed.

The Republican-Socialist coalition government in Madrid, all Catholic in background, and predominantly Catholic by persuasion, had been laying plans for a long-time program of progressive evolution: public education, redistribution of land, trimming the wealth and power of the Church. But so long had the long-suffering masses of feudal Spain smarted under the Bourbons, then in the twenties under Dictator Primo de Rivera, then under a repressive Rightist government, that by 1936 nothing short of out-and-out revolutionary measures would satisfy them. In March of 1936, the government had called upon the nobility to rent their lands to the hungry peasantry. They did nothing. So, taking the matter into their own hands, the peasants began to move onto the idle lands of the Grandees — 24,000 in one province, 45,000 in another. In Barcelona, Syndicalist workers began to take over factories. Peasants and workers began to sack the monasteries, reminiscent of the days of the French Revolution and of the Reformation in Scotland. The people's revolution thus got ahead of and away from the government, and there was little it could do but go along as gracefully as possible.

In the meantime, from out of the elements of Feudal Spain — the Church hierarchy, the stupidly fanatical Carlists, the out-and-out Fascist organization, the Falange, the officers of the army — came armed bands. These, following what the Fascists had done in Italy and in Germany, proceeded to take matters into their own hands and to mop up revolutionary groups of workers and peasants. Then came the Franco revolt in Morocco; then across the waters streamed Franco's Mohammedan Moors, protected by Mussolini and Hitler; and then the horrible civil war that took no less than a million lives and, after Franco's triumph, lingered on year after year, with more killings, more imprisonments, concentration camps, and censorship. With this came the complete restoration to the Clergy of the monopoly of education, and to the Grandees of every acre of their land.

That is where Spanish Fascism came from and what it is — an archaic holdover of a feudal and clerical tyranny over the masses that is absolutely unthinkable in this day and age. Such is the combination of forces that is now building itself up for gaining admission to the company of those who have risked their all and sacrificed their lives and billions to wipe this kind of thing from the face of the earth forever.

As long as Hitler and Mussolini and Hirohito were riding roughshod over the world, this combination was Fascist, proudly and avowedly Fascist. Its Falange, organized in 1933, did the same dirty work that the black shirts did in Italy, and the brown shirts in Germany; and the Falange is still very much in power and still very much on the job in Spain today. So proudly and arrogantly Fascist was this national combination in May of 1942 that whenever the American Ambassador, Carleton J. Hayes, a Catholic and a believer in representative government, tried to get an audience with Suñer, the brother-in-law of Franco and Spanish Secretary of State, he was not shown to the regular elevator lift, but had to walk several flights of stairs, and on each step to be saluted on either side by uniformed guards who threw up their hands and shouted: *"Arriba Espana! Viva Franco!"* Then there was also the typically Fascist dream of grandiose national expansion — plans for taking over Gibraltar and the French colonies in Africa, plans for assuming leadership in Latin America, and welding these nations into a bloc against the

United States — all posited on a Hitler-Mussolini-Hirohito victory. We now hear that this government was not and is not actually Fascist. If anyone has any doubts about the Fascism of Franco's government, let him go merely to the unanswerable answer Ambassador Hayes made to this same protest in June of 1943. It is to be found in *Harper's* for last December.

Again, we hear that this dictatorship is not the same as other Fascist dictatorships. This one is "benevolent." Did not Franco recently publish a decree of amnesty to all political exiles?

This is not the first time that government has decreed amnesty. Franco did it before he entered Madrid in 1939; but he went in with a huge blacklist, looking for more for his blacklist, and proceeded to kill helpless thousands and to confine more thousands, particularly intellectuals, writers, teachers, musicians in prison, and keep them there indefinitely without charges. His kind of amnesty meant that entire blocks of the country's population were left to starve as a result of his "purification," which prevented any man from getting a job and earning a living unless he could prove he was not a Republican sympathizer. Two years after coming to power, Franco decreed amnesty and safe conduct to the remnants of guerrilla bands operating in the province of Pontevedra. They surrendered. Franco then killed part of them and put the rest in prison.

Such is the government that accepted the Red Cross relief ship, *Cold Harbor,* sent by the American people for the relief of the Spanish people in 1941 when they were starving and dying by thousands under Franco's benevolent dictatorship. When the ship docked, the stevedores who met it were so hungry and weak that it was only with the greatest difficulty that they managed to do the unloading. Long lines of women in characteristic black shawls extended their hands and whispered: "Bread, bread, bread." All Spain was suffering. But the high grade gasoline that the Americans had sent along with the trucks that were to distribute the food was commandeered by Franco. A large quantity of the flour was stolen by the government and then sold on the black market. The flour sacks each with these words on them, "Gift of the American People to the People of Spain," were placed with the signs down in Spanish army trucks. All the while the Franco press, after having promised to play up the gift of the people, buried whatever accounts were printed under spreads that told of the glory of Hitler and the Nazis.

This is the government that solemnly promised the great Polish pianist, Paderewski, safe conduct across Spain on his way to America and then when he had arrived in Saragossa placed him under hotel arrest. This is what happened in one manner or another to thousands of hapless refugees. In all probability, Paderewski would have been turned over to the Nazi Gestapo had not President Roosevelt stepped in personally and intervened. Until recently the Gestapo had the run of Spain, and a refugee was just so much prey for their hunting.

Some years ago the leading American Catholic Fascist, Father Coughlin, proclaiming the old Fascist formula that hoodwinked so many Catholics and so many Protestants at one time, made this statement about what he was going to do with America and the American radicals. He shouted these words, "We will give them the Franco answer."

The time has come now for us to give Franco and his Fascist cohorts the American answer. The American answer is this: Mr. Franco, we have had more than enough of your worn-out Fascist formula. We have had enough of your benevolence and enough of your amnesty decrees. We are not going to have you or any of your Falangist and feudal backers coming into the circle of the family of nations to get the wherewithal to continue holding a great people in subjection. The time has come for you to step down and give way to the long-postponed representative Republican government.

And to the Spanish people—one final and practical word from each one of us, and from any and all we can influence: To you we pledge the friendship and the loyalty that the Fascists at home and abroad prevented us from expressing in 1936 and 1937 and 1938 and 1939. We now pledge that the moment the move is made to get representation in the family of nations for the Fascism which holds you physically and spiritually in chains, we will besiege the American State Department and members of our government with letters and telegrams, and we will do all in our power to prevent anything so lamentable ever taking place.

Philistinism—Our Worst Enemy

DAVID M. BLOCH

When in leisure moments the more serious-minded person happens to reflect on the contemporary world scene, he is overcome by a sense of futility bordering on despair. His despondency is by no means a mere by-product of congenital pessimism or war hysteria. The reaction is rather that of a sensitive individual who is profoundly shocked at the cruelty and vulgarity of an age gone mad almost beyond hope of recovery.

Nor has this madness descended upon us suddenly from a clear sky, so to speak. We are not as the gullible seem to think but innocent victims of a secret Fascist conspiracy. As much as we would like to put the entire blame on the Fascists for the shameful betrayal of our civilization, the record unfortunately is against us. The large majority of the people in the democratic lands were passive, if not active, barbarians —to use Lewis Mumford's term—long before Nazi-Fascism became a serious threat and the followers of this monstrous creed had by word and deed desecrated all human and divine sanctions.

When throughout the crucial years after the first World War, the greatest part of Europe was seething with discontent and plots were hatched to destroy Western democracy, we, the so-called freedom-loving folk, went calmly about our business as though nothing worth-while was at stake. No real attempt was made to stop the sinister powers in their track. Parading as ardent champions of democracy, most of us were altogether too busy in the pursuit of gain and worldly pleasures to be concerned about human values. For the sake of expediency we were quite ready to sacrifice all that we had heretofore cherished.

At this point, the writer can almost hear the murmurs of resentment of many a sophisticated reader of these

lines: Of what earthly use is all this moralizing? We have had enough of idealism and moral uplift! This is the twentieth century and not the Middle Ages. What is needed today to put the world back on its feet is a practical, scientific, economic program.

It is just such superficial thinking that the serious student who attempts to tackle the social problem usually encounters. And it is almost futile to try to convince those who reason thus. For back of such reasoning are the ingrained prejudices accumulated as a result of dieting so long on the dry husks of utilitarianism. It has become so fashionable nowadays to interpret everything from a narrow, prosaic, materialistic point of view, that it is considered a breach of faith, to say the least, on the part of anyone to dare challenge that interpretation.

Among the flood of books on the social theme pouring daily from the press, seldom does one come across a sane, balanced judgment on the issues involved. The bulk of the writings, discounting those that are mere drivel, lays undue stress on the material factors, while practically ignoring those of the psychologic, or spiritual. That is true even of the works of such advanced liberal and radical thinkers as Stuart Chase, John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Alfred Bingham, Sidney Hook, Harold Laski, and Norman Thomas. One fails to find in any of their writings a true diagnosis of the ills to which society is heir. Not one of them seems to penetrate below the surface and to put his finger on the sore spot of our diseased social organism. Concerned principally with the material aspects of life, they offer no serious challenge to the Philistines who are primarily responsible for the existing evils.

For it cannot be reiterated too often that it is Philistinism and all that it implies which must be fought with all the weapons at our command if civilization is ever to be safe from the horde of barbarians who constantly threaten it.

The Standard dictionary defines the Philistine "as one of narrow views who cares more for the material than cultural pursuits." But that is putting it rather mildly. The Philistine is really a barbarian, if not a savage at heart. Worse than that, he is a vulgarian. Nothing is sacred to him. He frowns upon any virtue that helps to promote the civilized way of life. Kindness, justice, temperance, honor, nobility—he would have none of these.

Philistinism, or as it might well be dubbed, "the etiquette of the 'low-brow'," is of course no new phenomenon. It is in fact as old as human nature. Who among us has not at one time or another fallen under its corrosive influence? What is so startling, however, and menacing at the same time, is the almost complete eclipse these days of all ideal standards—the great tribute rendered to "low-browism." We are fast becoming, whether we know it or not, a nation of "low-brows." No honor seems too great, no reward too high to lavish upon mediocrities who cater to popular whims.

So few of us are interested in matters of cultural and spiritual significance that those in the arts and sciences who strive for esthetic and moral excellence might as well reside on the planet Mars for all the social encouragement and recognition they receive. There is a lot of fine talk, to be sure, about democracy, the Four Freedoms, and the brave new world to come, but as Rube Goldberg, the noted cartoonist would say, "it doesn't mean anything." Fine talk is merely a luxury in which we like to indulge occasionally. What we are actually thinking most of the time is of the "good old fleshpots." Our highest conception of the good life is reflected in what is still unquestionably our most popular political slogan: "A full dinner pail."

But is that a fit ideal for civilized men? And why must the pail necessarily be full? Experience if nothing else should have taught us that too heavy a meal often causes indigestion.

Man's basic economic needs are in fact relatively few and simple, and there is more than enough of the necessities of life to go around if they were but properly distributed. It is only our abysmal stupidity and greed that bar the way from a just solution of our economic and social problems.

Who can deny that nearly all of our social ills are to a great extent of our own making? The most eloquent deterministic materialist fails to convince those of us who have not lost all sense of proportion that we are but helpless pawns at the mercy of economic and material energies. Our inner convictions simply rebel against such a sordid outlook. What is more, the wisdom of the ages completely refutes it. Time and again man has proved himself capable of rising above the limitations nature has imposed upon him and shaping the world according to his heart's desire. The Reformation, the Renaissance, the French Revolution, the American and Russian Revolutions, are but a few illustrious examples to prove this contention.

That these powerful idealistic movements did not altogether succeed in achieving their aims, does by no stretch of the imagination diminish the value of moral resistance against evil. Surely no one is so credulous as to believe that evil can be entirely eliminated from life. Those who have not completely fallen under the spell of Rousseau and let their sentiments run away with them, are only too keenly aware of the inexorable, malevolent forces of nature. But only the "hard-boiled" realists who have learned nothing from history can fail to see that the "powers of darkness" must be constantly combatted if they are not to gain complete mastery over the "forces of light."

The tragedy of our times is that we have actually reached a moral stalemate. Most of us no longer believe, let alone practice, the ethical concepts that have carried mankind through many a storm. Materialistic science has, after its prolonged, bitter struggle with religion, succeeded only too well in undermining our faith in a moral order of the universe.

Until recently we continued to live vicariously on the rich, spiritual heritage of the past. Such a fool's paradise, however, could not last for long. It was impossible for us to go on indefinitely paying lip service to a hypothetical democracy. The moral gap had to be filled somehow. So we began to look around for ideological green pastures within easy reach; wooing all sorts of strange cults. Some were attracted by the mystical sensuality, the glorification of the primitive urges and elementary forces of Neo-Paganism; others by the promised earthly paradise of Communism; still others by the sophisticated, medieval, cultural aspirations of Humanism.

But none of these creeds, no matter how attractive they may appear, can satisfactorily serve the needs of modern man. They are to all intents but escape mech-

anisms—synthetic substitutes for what our superficial age has failed to produce: a genuine religious, ethical philosophy.

Having no definite ethical code to guide us, is it any wonder that the Philistines have so far met with little, if any, serious opposition? For notwithstanding their good intentions and righteous indignation against injustice, both liberals and radicals—as we have already seen—reflect to a considerable extent the Philistine mentality. While presumably opposed to the status quo, they nevertheless uphold the bourgeois way of life. With but few exceptions they share in common with most conservatives a healthy contempt for things spiritual. They are therefore quite incapable of helping us in any way to solve our moral dilemma.

But it should be clear by now to anyone whose judgment is not warped by prejudice that it is precisely this dilemma that will have to be resolved before we can arrive at a sane solution of any of the important problems confronting us. Only a sound morality can save us from the follies and iniquities that have brought us to our present impasse. We can no longer continue to wade in the shallow, murky waters of opportunism and expect to make any progress toward recovery.

In spite of the rosy predictions of our modern soothsayers there are no visible signs on the social horizon of the brave new world they envisage. Nor is it likely ever to emerge unless we have a moral compass to help us to blaze the way. To plan, as these well-meaning but misguided prophets of modernity do, a well-organized, decent society without a definite set of values, is to plan the impossible. It has been tried too often throughout history without success.

No better illustration need be cited than that of ancient, imperial Rome. A mighty empire, it went down into the dust of oblivion because its rulers scorned the Eternal Verities and preferred to govern chiefly by trickery and force.

That Machiavelianism does not pay is brought even closer home to us by what has taken place in the Axis countries. We see now how their vainglorious leaders, who even excelled their Roman masters in the diabolic art of governing by trickery and force, have led their people step by step to the very brink of disaster.

If we are not to suffer the same fate, we had better shake off our smug complacency and begin in earnest to lay the groundwork for a more humane civilized order. It is imperative that religion and philosophy cease glorifying a dead past or a nebulous future, and become once more truly creative. If a free society is ever to be established people must free themselves from the shackles of reaction and obscurantism, and help to recreate anew from the spiritual reserves we have inherited a living faith to serve our present-day needs.

To be sure, such a faith cannot rise overnight. Much heroic effort and sacrifice must accompany its birth. But costly as the price may be, it cannot be nearly as costly as what we are already paying for our stupidity in supporting a sordid, selfish, competitive system which breeds ugliness, injustice, and war.

With the natural resources, scientific knowledge, and technical equipment that we possess, there is no reason why this transient, earthly abode cannot be turned into a more or less tolerable place in which to live. But to reach even this modest goal, our ideal needs to embrace more than mere temporal, worldly desires. For it is our spiritual aspirations that condition to a great extent our material well-being. If this sounds paradoxical, it is only because many of us fail to fathom the strange paradox of our nature: the possession of both animal and spiritual propensities. It is this dual part of our nature that prevents us from concentrating solely on mere earthly achievements. Man does not live by bread alone. Without some lofty ideal to inspire him he is indeed lost and, in the words of one of the great immortals, "life is but a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Christianity and the Jews

HUGH WESTON

Many people who make all kinds of radical and dogmatic statements about the Jews have never troubled to ponder or investigate the question: Who are the Jews?

Well, who are they? You would be surprised to know that Jews themselves sometimes differ on who and what they are. Some prefer to think of themselves as a race; others think of themselves as a religion; and still others think of themselves as a nationality. If the Jews are a race, it is certain that there are thousands of persons who call themselves Jews and who worship in Hebrew synagogues, but who, racially, appear to be Nordic and Aryan. If the Jews are a religion, it is certain that there are thousands of other persons who call themselves Jews, who do not go to a Hebrew synagogue, and whose fathers before them did not go there. And if the Jews are a nationality, they are a strange nationality wherein thousands of the Jews of one part of the world do not even speak the same language nor have the same customs as thousands of Jews in other parts of the world.

The story of the so-called Jews begins back in Palestine. Long ago there inhabited Palestine a people sometimes referred to as the Armenoids. They were people of the Semitic race who came, perhaps, from Arabia. Then came peoples called the Amorites, and, following them, there migrated into Palestine peoples called Arameans. All these peoples, through many years, intermarried, and our Bible refers to them loosely as Canaanites. Now there were certain tribes of people, who were probably almost identical with the Canaanites in race, who gave us the stories about the Hebrews, for they have come to be known as Hebrews. These Hebrew tribes conquered their Semitic brothers, the Canaanites, and also the Philistines, who may very likely have been an Aryan people, possibly from Crete. And one thing is certain, and attested to by all the scholars: that the Hebrews intermarried with the Canaanites, with the Philistines, and with many, many other peoples, many of them Aryan. The notion that there is a Jewish race, free from all Aryan blood, is one of the most fantastic notions which the diabolical ingenuity of man could invent. Only a Hitler could think up a tale approximating that. As Olmstead, Oesterly, Robinson, and other scholars have pointed out, the people whom we call the Jews are really a mixture

of Egyptian, Hittite, Philistine, and other Semitic and Aryan racial strains. They are about as pure-raced as most of the rest of us, for we are all a mixture of many, many different racial strains. The peoples of Arabia, Abyssinia, Syria, and surrounding areas, are, for example, Semitic peoples. Haile Selassie, for instance, is a Negro who claims to be a Semite. Indeed, Haile Selassie claims to be a Jew and it may very well be that he is racially very close to the Hebrew peoples. These Semitic peoples, among whom are the Jews, have migrated into lands all over the earth, and have intermarried. There is no man in the world today who could possibly say with authority: "I am free of Semitic blood." Such a statement is preposterous and meaningless. Rather is it true that there is one blood that courses through all of humanity, and that this one blood is mixed through many very mixed races. In fact, as the geneticist, Gunnar Dahlberg, has pointed out, it is usually impossible to tell a so-called Jew at all. Many of the people whom you would call Jews are really Arabians or Syrians, or even Greeks and Italians, who probably have never been near a Jewish synagogue. On the other hand, many of the persons who pass for pure, Aryan Gentiles among race-conscious people, are really persons who regularly visit the synagogue. It is true that there *is* a people who adhere to the Hebraic traditions and language, but there is strikingly little racial homogeneity in this religious group. The whole framework of anti-Semitism is built upon foundations which are, first of all, unscientific, and, second, irreligious. I would say that the only sensible definition of a Jew today, the only definition that should have any meaning is this: A Jew is a person who subscribes to the Judaic religion. But unfortunately the world is not yet ready to accept so simple a definition.

Instead, a myth has been created, a myth which in Germany has caused the perpetration of some of the most shocking injustices in history upon harmless and innocent people. The myth which has been created says that there is a Jewish race which is more or less synonymous with the Jewish religion, and that these Jews killed Jesus, that they are out to destroy Christianity, and that they are almost all either capitalists opposed to social change, or Communists trying to overthrow capitalism. None of these things is true. It was the Romans who killed Jesus, and if there was a Jewish mob urging them on, these Jews were no more representative of the Jewish people than are the mobs that lynch Negroes in the South representative of all the Southern people. And as to the alleged Jewish control of capitalism and Communism, statistics are readily available for anyone fair enough to investigate, showing that, even with the most broad definition of the word "Jew," it is simply not true that Jews control the press, the radio, the banks, the large corporations, and the Communist movements. Studies made under the auspices of the Security and Exchange Commission for the Temporary National Economic Committee, and analyses of the names in Poor's *Financial Records,* and hundreds of other studies, have shown how utterly false are the charges about "Jewish international bankers." So bereft are the anti-Semites of facts to back up their charges that they have resorted to such proven forgeries as the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, the product of the imagination of an anti-Semite name Sergius Nilus.

The fact is that anti-Semites are *always* persons who do not know the Jewish people. They meet a Jewish Communist, or a Jewish businessman, and they generalize about the whole Jewish people. But persons who know only Jewish businessmen, or Jewish Communists, are incompetent to speak upon the character of the Jewish people. Anyone, whose mind and heart have been open enough to receive them, knows that the Jews are just like any other people, just as honest, just as kind, just as friendly, and just as fair.

Anti-Semitism is nothing short of a device used by persons who are intent upon destroying democracy. It is a device used to divide the people one against the other in order to destroy their democratic unity. It is of the same class as anti-Negro, anti-Chinese, anti-Catholic, and other forms of prejudice. Like Hitler, the anti-Semites use the Jews as a scapegoat in order to divide the people, that they, themselves, may rule. The leaders of anti-Semitism in this country accuse the Jews of ruling, only in order to conceal their own plans to rule.

For the Christian, there is just one attitude that he can take with respect to anti-Semitism. He must oppose it with all his heart and soul.

Recently Rabbi Robert Katz, of Temple Beth El, in Steubenville, Ohio, spoke at my church. In his speech he stressed that we need more than just a knowledge of the facts in order to wipe out racial and religious prejudices. We need a change of heart, a religious conversion. We could point out all kinds of facts, he said, to disprove the arguments of those who sow these hatreds. For example, we could answer the charge that Jews are seldom farmers by pointing out that throughout the Middle Ages the Jews were prohibited from owning land. But, he added, the anti-Semites would only resort to new and equally specious arguments. In the last analysis, he said, this is not a question of the facts. It is a question of the human heart. The Fascists and Nazis appeal to the primitive and the barbaric impulses of man, and we shall be lost unless we appeal to the only force that is greater, to man's hidden faith in the justice and mercy of God.

My Christian brethren, I would like to make an appeal that might touch your hidden faith. For Christianity is no religion against the Jews. Christians have a right to try to convert Jews, just as Jews have a right to try to convert Christians, but Christians and Jews have far more in common than they have differences. And today, both Christians and Jews have a great stake in freedom, a freedom which they will only preserve if they preserve it *together.* It is impossible, it is a sacrilege, to call yourself a Christian, and be an anti-Semite. The leaders of every responsible Christian denomination in America have unreservedly attacked anti-Semitism as a Christian sin. The God, whom St. Paul said, "is no respecter of persons," will have little mercy upon those who, consciously and willfully, attack and slander the Jewish or any other people. The Lord our God will deal justly with any of us who so pervert and usurp His doctrine as to make it a shameful breeding place for religious and racial intolerance. If you would serve God, and the Christ spirit, it is not enough only to refrain from these sins; you can only redeem yourself and your loved ones if you become a new person, regenerate and converted, and go about preaching God's word of love and forgiveness, through faith and good works.

Brotherhood Comes to the South

DELOS O'BRIAN

A southern editor has brought brotherhood to the South. Genial, white-haired Joseph H. Martin, editor and publisher of *The Sunday Morning Star* (Wilmington, Delaware), quietly announces brotherhood as the official policy of his newspaper every Sunday morning. It began back in March when, one Sabbath morning, four lines of poetry appeared under the American flag on the masthead of *The Star*. This poetry is not only descriptive of his policies over many years as an editor, it is also representative of Mr. Martin's own spirit.

It is an easy thing to think brotherhood, but it is quite another thing to talk it. Mr. Martin wrote this and he prints it. When the readers of *The Star* turn to the editorial page, they see this poetic proclamation of editorial policy:

If my brother strives to reach
The step on which I stand
I'll not, for color, race or creed,
Withhold a helping hand.

This is a daring pronouncement for a Delaware newspaper to make, because Delaware has never quite decided whether it is North or South. The Mason and Dixon line is reported to be the dividing line between Delaware and Maryland, but there are Delawareans who doubt this. Before the Civil War there were many slaveholders here, and when the war began loyalties in Delaware were sharply, and often disastrously, divided. The truth is that this state is both northern and southern. It is a no-man's land where the thought, customs, and culture of both meet and merge. On the race question, however, Delaware resembles the South more than the North. The large Negro population lives in a state of semi-segregation. There are no "Jim Crow" rules for buses or trains, and since just before the turn of the century Negroes have been accorded full privileges in the use of the Wilmington Public Library. Other libraries "down state," however, are not so democratic. Negroes are not allowed inside of most white theatres, in many cases not even in the balconies. The Playhouse, Wilmington's combination concert hall and legitimate theatre, permits Negroes to sit nowhere except in the third balcony where the view is bad and the acoustics are poor. About two years ago Paul Robeson was scheduled to sing in the Playhouse on one of the four programs of the Community Concert series. When he learned that Negroes would not be permitted to hear him unless they ascended to the third balcony, he promptly cancelled his engagement two days before his advertised performance, and said, "I will not sing in any building from which my own people are barred." Efforts were made to get him to perform anyway. He refused. Wilmington did not hear Paul Robeson sing.

Recently a friend of mine, who is with the Traveler's Aid, told me of two soldiers, one colored and the other white, who inquired where they might be able to eat dinner together. She referred them to the Walnut Street Y. M. C. A. (colored), the only restaurant or hotel in Wilmington where a white man and a colored man, though they were both soldiers, might dine together.

There is no hospital in the state of Delaware where a colored nurse can train. Moreover, no Negro doctor, though Wilmington has several who are skillful and rate high professionally, is permitted to practice in any hospital in the city. Negro doctors are even barred from visiting their patients professionally in the colored wards. Consequently, Negro patients must depend, even in serious cases of illness, upon the services of nurses and internes. The work opportunities for Negroes are strictly limited. Generally, Negroes are restricted to the dirty and day-labor jobs that nobody else wants to do. As a member of the Wilmington gasoline ration panel, I have granted gasoline to Wilmington Negroes who are machinists and skilled workmen at the neighboring Philadelphia Navy Yard, but these same men cannot do the same work in Delaware. This past winter an Equal Rights Bill was introduced in the State Legislature, but it died in Committee. Delaware is not ready for that.

Neither is Delaware in the mood to listen to too much talk about equal rights or racial democracy. As is the case throughout the rest of the country, there is a growing restlessness and impatience at discrimination, and a counteracting murmur of prejudices. At best the atmosphere is highly controversial and even on occasion inflammable. To those of us who believe that the freedom for which we are fighting is also the freedom which we must be willing to share, *The Sunday Morning Star* and its sage and revered editor have taken a courageous stand. There is more hope in Delaware today because, when we see the American flag on the masthead of *The Star,* we also see this poetic proclamation of the meaning of American democracy:

If my brother strives to reach
The step on which I stand
I'll not, for color, race or creed,
Withhold a helping hand.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 50)

ence with chemicals and pharmaceuticals in that work. In his new responsibility he will work extensively with drugs and other mechanics for advancement of health and human welfare, all of which will better equip him for expansion of Chemical Products services upon his return.

With headquarters in Calcutta, Mr. Abrahamson will be administrator of the AFSC program of relief and rehabilitation for the Indian nation. The work is concerned primarily with health problems and the relief and reduction of diseases and epidemics resulting from widespread famine. Bulk of the work will be in the large province of Bengal. Mrs. (Julia) Abrahamson, formerly office manager and editorial assistant for the Julius Rosenwald Fund, will accompany her husband and will assist him in the administrative work.

A Defense of Hypocrisy

EDMUND A. OPITZ

Sincerity is a highly overrated virtue, and the world suffers from a surfeit of it. Danger lies in the fact that utter sincerity is compatible with being a complete fool. Anybody, from the mentally deranged to the imbecile, can be quite sincere; but heaven gives it to but a few to be intelligent. Indeed, the ability to be insincere at will declines as intelligence decreases, until the complete fool is completely sincere because he has to be. The gift of being a manipulator of truth instead of a mere transmitter of it, is given to a comparatively few.

Let the case of certain opinions be pleaded with a great show of earnestness and we accept those opinions greedily. Let perfect gems of thought be tossed off nonchalantly and we move aside to let the swine rush in. When one thinks of the number of utter fools who are utterly sincere in their foolishness, one tends to lose hope in mankind. What is needed is not more sincerity but less. Each of us could use a good stiff shot of hypocrisy.

It is a rare thing to find a good hypocrite. A man must have come a long way up the path of evolution before he can practice the art. The hypocrite is such a master of himself and his own mental processes that he can stand off, as it were, and watch two trains of thought going on at once. If, as sometimes happens, he must tell a lie, he tells it with regrets. But he does not believe it. There are times and situations when each of us must tell lies which he does not believe, or believe lies which he does not tell. It is better to tell lies than to believe them. Of course, even the hypocrite does not tell lies all the time, for he is an economist. The best liar is one who makes the smallest amount of lying go the greatest distance, and he realizes that there is no value to a lie except when it is interspersed with persistent truth telling. It is the unexpectedness of a lie among people who are accustomed to the truth that gives the lie its effectiveness.

We are like climbers on the side of a cliff. The cliff is so steep that we have to toss up a rope and loop it over a projecting bit of rock in order to climb upward a few feet—and then repeat the process. Without the assistance of the rope looped over something above us, we should not be able to ascend. The hypocrite has just such a rope; the sincere man does not have it. By definition, the hypocrite recognizes a standard of conduct which is higher than that forced upon him by the present circumstance. Even while he is acting on level one, he recognizes the existence of levels six, eight, and ten. Aware of the existence of these levels, there is a possibility that he may reach them. He has a purchase on something higher than his present conduct, for while part of him is acting on level one there is a fragment on level ten. The sincere man, on the other hand, is completely absorbed on one level. He may be on a low or a high level, but he will never get any higher because he cannot admit the existence of any level higher than that on which he happens to be acting.

Lincoln Steffens in his autobiography tells of an interview with President Eliot of Harvard. "Meeting him one day in the yard," writes Steffens, "I joined him and proposed that he let me give a short course to seniors on 'The forms in which the first steps to bribery and corruption come to young men in all walks of life'." Steffens gave Eliot a few examples of what he meant. Eliot was interested, and asked what the course would lead to: "You would teach those things to stop the doing of them?" he asked. "Oh no," blurted out Steffens, "I don't mean to keep those boys from succeeding in their professions. All I want to do is make it impossible for them to be crooks and not know it. Intelligence is what I am aiming at, not honesty. We have, we Americans, quite enough honesty now. What we need is integrity, intellectual honesty."

"That ended me with Mr. Eliot. He gave me a piercing look, a polite bow and walked on to his office." This did not give Steffens an opportunity of recounting another experience; this one with President Mellon of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Mellon had come from the West to take over this road, and had come determined not to engage in the underhanded political deals which he had found expedient out West, He had tried, but found that he could not prevent this sort of thing.

"Well, that's the answer, Mr. Mellon," said Steffens. "That's what I hear all over the country. You can't run a railroad without running and corrupting the government." He was amazed that I, a reformer, should say that. . . . "Yes, I tell you that; it's evidently a fact, a truth, a hateful truth, which most men who acknowledge it don't feel the hatefulness of, as you do. They excuse it, they ignore it, they are not intelligent."

"But what then shall I do?" said Mellon.

"My suggestion was that since he knew and hated what he had to do, he should stay on the job and do it up brown. If we can have all such positions filled with intelligent men, who knowingly corrupt government, it would be a great step ahead of where we are now—betrayed by a lot of honest men who think they are the moral pillars of society."

The plain truth is that we are all in on the evils we abhor. The sincere people are piously and conveniently unaware that they take their cut from these things, and as long as they are unconscious there is no hope. Hope arises only when a man comes to the awareness that he too profits from the evils which he professes to scorn.

Sincerity is a veil thrown over unexamined opinions shielding them from the biting acid of objective inquiry. It can be the most dangerous enemy that truth faces; certainly harder to cope with than outright falsehood. Anyone can be sincere, but it is left to the few to be wise. And because it feels so good to be sincere, the idea has been put across that it is a virtue in itself. This has been watered stock from the beginning, although its market value is still high. It is high time that the bottom was jerked out from under it.

The Study Table

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

In Comment on Henry George

IN QUEST OF JUSTICE. *By Francis Neilson. New York: Robert Schalkenbach Foundation. 135 pp. $1.00.*

Francis Neilson would be the first to agree that *Progress and Poverty* needs no supplementary interpretation. If ever a book explained itself, not only clearly but brilliantly, Henry George's immortal masterpiece does just that. But the greatest works, like the Talmud, for example, inevitably invite comment. And here we have a commentary which is as delightful as it is elucidative.

What is immediately impressive about these lectures by Mr. Neilson is their atmosphere of literary and spiritual appreciation. The author is concerned with economics—more particularly with the land question. But in his discussion of this subject he embraces fondly the whole range of man's life and thought. This book, in other words, is a product of the ripest culture. Mr. Neilson has steeped his mind for years in the writings of ancient and modern times, and has at his easy command the best that man has said in all fields of human interest. The result is a piece of writing which is not only scholarly but humane. Altogether apart from the special thesis expounded, *In Quest of Justice* is a sheer delight to read.

Mr. Neilson expounds in this book the Single Tax, although I do not seem to recall having seen this technical phrase in these pages. He begins with fundamentals—the concept of justice as "the law of Providence inherent in Nature." This law he finds embodied in primitive society in the communal ownership of the land. This was the basis of man's early freedom. "All the evidence shows that absolute private ownership of land for the purpose of exploiting labor was unknown. . . . Village communities were settled on a just economic basis and the people as a whole held the land communally. The division made to the user gave him the right to his produce. . . . The boundary stone, the landmark, was the symbol of economic justice."

How the landmark was swept away, or its character transformed from a symbol of justice to a monument of slavery, is the main burden of this book. Mr. Neilson chooses to tell the tragic tale through the study of the law of justice in relation to the land in the Old Testament, the teachings of Jesus, and the experience of medieval times. As the land was seized for private uses there came slavery, and the poverty which continues into our own abundant times, and the war which is wrecking the world. Mr. Neilson's statement on war is momentous. "Let us keep in mind," he writes, "that war is the mother of slavery and that it is an imperial institution. Tribute is the object for which nations war, and, as rent is the essential of all tribute systems, conquest is the means by which free men are put under the yoke of bondage."

Mr. Neilson is at his best in his eloquent treatment of the Hebrew prophets. His interpretation of Jesus, as a prophetic witness against social wrong, is as sound as it is original. New light is shed on the medievalists, and on the great monastic system which has been sadly misunderstood since the bitter attacks of the French rationalists. All this leads to the consideration of political economy in modern times, and to the climax of Henry George. This great American was the supreme exponent of justice, and thus in the freeing of the land found the solution of man's ills.

"There is a unity of souls of the great men who desire the kingdom to come on earth," writes Mr. Neilson. "The unity embraces the wisest men of whom we have record, and I have tried in these lectures to show how the thought of ancient days was preserved in spite of all the vicissitude and woe through which men have passed, and that George in his volumes condensed the essentials of their great work."

Mr. Neilson has succeeded in his high purpose. His book is brilliant intellectually, sound ethically, exalted spiritually. Like *Progress and Poverty* itself, it is a book on economics, which is a work at once of literature and true religion.

A Plea for Pacifism

THE POWER OF NON-VIOLENCE. *By Richard B. Gregg. New York: Fellowship Publications. 253 pp. $1.50.*

This is a new and revised edition of a book published under this same title in 1935 and long since out of print. Eight chapters of the original volume have been eliminated, but in place of these have been added three new chapters: "Persuasion," "The Need for Discipline," and "Discipline." Of these, "Persuasion" is the longest and most important. It is in itself a treatise on non-violence.

This book, in its revised as in its original form, is what Dr. Rufus M. Jones describes in his Introduction as "a fine blend of *what is* and *what ought to be.*" Mr. Gregg, curiously enough, follows the method of analyzing *what is* in the world of nature and of man, and therefrom deducing dialectically *what ought to be.* He believes, in other words, that non-violence is at once a law and a power implicit in our world, and that we have only to find and practice it in order to prove its practicability. Pacifism is not contrary to, but rather consistent with, the reality of being.

The core of the book is the Gandhian principle and program. Mr. Gregg lived in India for four years, 1925-1929, came to know Gandhi intimately, and spent seven months at the famous Ashram. No one knows the Mahatma and his methods better than he does, but he has not been content merely with stating and interpreting these methods which have dominated Indian life for so long. Rather has he taken the idea of non-violence as it comes from India, and redefined it in terms of our Western thought and life. He has also, rigorously tested it by the recent findings of investigators in the fields of psychology, biology, physiology, penology, education, politics, ethics, and religion. The result is a vindication of non-violence as a way of life not only from the idealistic point of view, but also from that of science and common sense.

Mr. Gregg is not a brilliant stylist, but he writes simply and clearly. He has done a complete job. His work is the outstanding textbook of pacifism.

Western Unitarian Conference

RANDALL S. HILTON, Executive Secretary
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago 15, Illinois

NINETY-THIRD CONFERENCE

The ninety-third annual sessions of the Western Unitarian Conference were held in Hinsdale, Illinois, May 13 to 15. The members of the Hinsdale Unitarian Church proved ideal hosts. In spite of exacting wartime conditions all of the arrangements for entertaining the Conference were carried out in an efficient and enjoyable manner.

From Lincoln, Nebraska, to Cincinnati and from St. Louis to Minneapolis came delegates to participate in the proceedings of the Conference. The program was carried out as planned with the exception of the address scheduled by Dr. Frederick M. Eliot, who was unable to be present. In his place at the Conference Dinner on Monday, Rev. Raymond B. Bragg spoke on the work of the Unitarian Service Committee. A collection was taken that night for the Service Committee and nearly $115 was contributed by those present.

All of the meetings were well attended. Programs of exceptional interest were held under the auspices of the Laymen's League, the Alliance, the Ministerial Union, the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, and the Committee on Education. The meetings were brought to a climactic conclusion on Tuesday night at the banquet, held at the Spinning Wheel—one of Chicagoland's best eating places—and addressed by Dr. A. Eustace Haydon. Dr. Haydon retires this year as head of the Department of Comparative Religion at the University of Chicago. Two of his former students paid tribute to him. Dr. Curtis W. Reese, president of the conference, presided at the banquet meeting.

DR. REESE RE-ELECTED

Dr. Curtis W. Reese, Dean of Abraham Lincoln Centre, was re-elected president of the Western Unitarian Conference. Mr. Delta I. Jarrett was re-elected treasurer. Three new members of the Board of Directors were elected to serve a term of four years. They are:

Rev. Raymond B. Bragg, Minneapolis.
Mrs. Charles H. Moran, St. Louis.
Mr. Gardner Williams, Toledo.

COMMITTEES APPOINTED

The following committees for the Conference were appointed by the Board of Directors at the Meeting of the Board on Tuesday afternoon.

Executive Committee—Curtis W. Reese, Chairman; D. I. Jarrett, R. S. Hilton, W. W. Robbins, J. J. Yowell.

Committee on the Churches—C. E. Snyder, Chairman; Mrs. Lou Haycock, Harold P. Marley.

Committee on Education — Mrs. Charles H. Moran, Chairman; Mrs. Matilda Moore, G. Richard Kuch.

Committee on Service—Raymond Bragg, Chairman; Leslie T. Pennington, Hadley Grimm.

Committee on Promotion—R. Lester Mondale, Chairman; Robert S. Turner, Tracy M. Pullman.

Committee on Policy and Denominational Affairs—Ralph E. Bailey, Chairman; E. Burdette Backus, Kenneth L. Patton, Curtis W. Reese, Mrs. Charles H. Moran, Raymond B. Bragg, R. Lester Mondale.

The Executive Secretary of the Conference will act as secretary of all committees.

A NOTE OF THANKS

A vote of thanks and appreciation for the service and devotion given to the Conference by the retiring members of the Board was expressed at the Board meeting. The retiring trustees are not eligible for re-election according to the by-laws of the Conference. Those who went off the Board were Mrs. Virginia Plank, Tracy M. Pullman, and Oswell G. Treadway.

NEXT YEAR—DENVER

The Board of Directors voted to accept the invitation of the First Unitarian Church of Denver, Colorado, to hold the 1946 Western Unitarian Conference there. The year 1946 marks the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Denver church. Announcement is made of the location for next year's conference at this time so individuals and churches can start making plans now for attendance and representation at Denver.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Toledo—The Toledo church during the past year over-subscribed the United Appeal, obtained 315 subscriptions to the *Christian Register,* and shipped over a ton of clothing to the Unitarian Service Committee.

Cincinnati, First Church—Rev. Wallace W. Robbins, President of Meadville Theological School, was the speaker at the May Breakfast.

Evanston—Plans for a Student Group are well under way, under the leadership of Rev. John Nicholls Booth. Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman met with the group recently.

Bloomington—An explosion of an automatic water heater on the day they moved into their new residence has left Rev. and Mrs. Gerald Weary without a permanent home. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Ft. Collins—Rev. Harold Wright reports an active year during which much progress was made. A luncheon was held for the Secretary of the Conference when he visited there on April 24. Ernest Smith, former Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference (1909-1919) is an active member of the church.

Colorado Springs—Plans are being made to keep the church open all summer. The success of such a program last year has encouraged the church to do it again.

Denver—Rev. Rudolph Gilbert has been called as minister. Plans are being made for a local Unitarian Advance program to begin in the Fall and continue through their 75th Anniversary year.

Lincoln—The Laymen's League is considering means of increasing the effectiveness and influence of the church in the community.

BOOKS

Jesus, The Carpenter's Son, by Sophia Fahs, should be off the press by June 15. Orders will be filled as soon as possible.

Have you read?

Hello, Man, by Kenneth L. Patton.
Legacy of the Liberal Spirit, by Bratton.
Litany for All Souls, by Lucian Price.